Make Amends

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Make Amends

by sourweather

Summary

After Hannibal offends Will, Will decides to get his revenge by favoring Nigel and ignoring Hannibal. Obviously, this does not make for a very happy Alpha.

Notes

This fic was SO fun to write. Thanks so much to Zilla for the prompt, it was so great returning to the will/ni/han world!!!

If you'd like to have your idea made into a fic, please reach out to me on Tumblr or Twitter at sourweather!

Also, shout out to Mewtho9, Danysedai, nananoo, AwkwardPerson, Azalia_X05, and notokveranda for expressing interest in a sequel to 'Behave'! Hope y'all like it ;)

He can’t help himself, at the end of the day. It’s nearly a compulsion. Something in his blood, telling him to lash out.

Will blames their social status. Two handsome, well-bred, rich Alphas who have too much handed to them. It's almost unfair to expect them to take 'no' for an answer. At least, not with any level of grace.

Maybe that’s why Will is so addicted to saying ‘no’ and seeing what happens. Winding them up and watching them go, so to speak. Nigel needs less winding than most, and he gives Will plenty of opportunities to snap at him— always smoking in the house or leaving out empty beer bottles or starting fights with Han. But he's easy to get a rise from, too. All it takes is a harsh look from Will, maybe one night where his side of the bed is cold, and he's growling to himself in his sleep until Will softens. He still loves them, after all.

Hannibal, on the other hand.

Pushing Hannibal to anger is a marathon of sorts. One that Will sadistically delights in.

He'd left Will no choice, this time. His pride drove him more so than his boredom, for once, which meant that he was in a much less forgiving humor. Why Hannibal thought it was in any way appropriate to speak for Will at the opera a few nights prior, he would never know. But Hannibal did it all night long— like a traditional Alpha speaking for his weak little Omega. And on subjects that Will fancied himself an expert in, no less. If Hannibal noticed the way Will's eye twitched every time, it certainly didn't stop him from talking over him every time Will opened his mouth.

More maddening than that was his behavior after the fact. He'd acted as if Will had no right to be upset, smoothly pointing out that Will usually didn't enjoy being social to begin with.

Nigel hadn't attended that evening, offering his most profound regrets that he, quote, 'Couldn't be fucked', but he'd gotten the picture when Will had come stomping through the front door and spent the better part of the night sulking with the dogs. Hannibal said nothing, but was all but radiating contempt after being chewed out for the entire car ride. Nigel had looked between his two partners and said 'What the hell happened to you?'

Will glared at Hannibal before stalking down the hall. 'He knows what he did,' Will said, and that was that.

It was the principle of the thing, really. Will didn't even care that much about being talked over. Hannibal can get swept up in himself, from time to time. Will expects it. At times he might even say he found it endearing. But why, *why* is Hannibal always so insistent on being right? Was it really such a blow to his pride, to admit to his Omega— his *partner,* regardless of Hannibal’s status over him— that just this once, he'd been out of line? Will didn't think so.

Well, if Hannibal could be immature, then Will could be immature, too.

So the next morning Will set to work. The moment he woke, he curled as close to Nigel as he could get, practically molding their bodies together. He nuzzled at Nigel's jaw, peppering his throat in kisses and bathing in his scent. Made a show out of sleepily sucking him off and going to work reeking of Nigel, all the while barely speaking to Hannibal. And when he came home at the end of the day he fell into Nigel's lap, the Alpha insufferably smug as he stroked Will's curls and scratched his back. Will pointedly ignored the *other* Alpha, who was pretending not to sulk in the study.

Hannibal tried to act unaffected, but Will saw through him easily. Nowhere to hide, not between them. He could detect the note of jealousy in the air, the somewhat bitter flavor that coated the back of his throat.

It practically choked the entire house when Will took it a step further. It wasn't so cruel, in the grand scheme of things. They'd done far worse to each other, not so long ago. All Will did was wear a shirt.

Nigel's shirt.

Just Nigel's shirt.

Oh, but the air *burned* that evening. Hannibal's rage was deep and musky and suffocating, screaming with jealousy where the Alpha himself stayed resolutely silent. Not that Nigel was complaining. He just wove his arms around Will from behind, taking in their mingled scents on the Omega's skin.

"He must've really pissed you off," Nigel murmured, nipping at the shell of Will's ear as he spoke.

Will just sighed, leaning back against the hard line of Nigel's body. Nigel's hands set to roaming in an instant, ducking under the fabric to paw at his chest.

"If he learns to apologize, I'll forgive him on the spot," Will confessed. "Simple as that."

Nigel chuckled at that, leaning down to mouth at Will's throat. "Han, apologizing? That might be a long time comin', pet."

"Lucky you."

"Mm. I don't know about that," Nigel mused. "Isn't your Heat due in about two weeks?"

Will narrowed his eyes. "You think he's running out the clock?" He prodded. "Expecting me to break before he does?"

Nigel shrugged. "Wouldn't put it past him."

That made Will's decision for him. When his Heat comes around, his resolve will be paper thin. He has to drive Hannibal over the edge before then. One way or another, he'll have his apology.

Fine, old man. Let the games begin.

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The breaking point ends up coming four days later. It isn't a moment too soon, either, because Will can hardly breathe with all the pheromones Hannibal is putting out.

They're meant to be going out to dinner. Will has considered canceling more than once— the past week hasn't exactly made Will feel keen to go on a date. He's not backing down, though. All he's asking for is an *apology,* it isn't as if it's hard. 'Sorry, Will'. That's all he needs. 'Will, my love, I'm so sorry that I made you look like an idiot in front of my fancy asshole friends.'

Will would accept it gladly, and everything could return to normal. But Hannibal is being stubborn. Will is known for being stubborn, as well. And he never settles for a stalemate.

So he preens in the mirror, carefully styling his curls and slowly buttoning the white shirt before hiding it beneath a crisp black suit jacket. He leaves the jacket open, keeps the top buttons of the shirt undone to expose his collarbones.

Will smells Hannibal before he sees him, all heat and danger. He looms over Will's shoulder in the mirror, staring down at him with those deep, dark eyes. Will smirks, lifting a brow at him through their reflections.

He really can't help himself.

"Do you like my suit, Han?" he asks, tugging at his jacket. "It's new. I used your card, I hope you don't mind." Meaningless words, just to wave his innocence in the Alpha's face.

Hannibal doesn't growl. He doesn't bite, or snarl, or curse. Hell, his face doesn't even twitch. One moment, Will is standing in front of the mirror. The next, he's being hauled over Hannibal's shoulder. He struggles, acting on instinct alone, kicking and squirming. "Hannibal!" he barks, and the other man's grip on his waist only grows tighter. "H-Han, put me down!"

He isn't gentle when he drops Will onto the bed. Isn't gentle when he yanks Will back onto his knees by his hips, nor when he shoves Will's face into the mattress. He unbuckles Will's belt and pulls his trousers down his thighs, Will only fighting enough to see how serious Hannibal is. Evidently, he's *very* serious.

"Han—"

"Be still."

It can't possibly escape Hannibal how excited Will is. How his cock hangs heavy between bent legs and his entrance grows slicker by the second. Still, he starts to lift himself on his hands, to pull away. "But Hannibal—"

Hannibal snatches one of Will's wrists, easily sending him crashing back down to the sheets. The Alpha removes Will's belt from where it sits uselessly in his lowered trousers. Will's cock twitches when Hannibal ties his wrists behind his back, secured by the belt.

Will doesn't fight him. He's still furious with the man, but fuck, he smells so good lately. He'd been holding out for an apology, but maybe Hannibal's ego will be satisfied enough by fucking Will senseless to loosen his lips. Besides, it's hard to argue in this position. Hannibal grinds against Will's ass, his clothed cock nearly bursting the zipper on his trousers, and any chances of Will saying 'no' go flying out the window.

"I believe you've forgotten your place, brat," Hannibal says, and *now* the growls have appeared.

Will mewls softly, melting and arching his back at the show of dominance. Without warning, two spit-slick fingers push their way into Will, wasting no time in thrusting brutally.

"I'm aware that you enjoy your occasional acts of cruelty," he muses over Will's high whimpers. "But you've been behaving like an insolent little bitch for days now. I've had enough."

He punctuates this statement by dragging his fingers over Will's prostate, drawing a shuddering moan from his throat.

"Did you think you were being clever? Devious, proud Omega, playing me off of Nigel for your own satisfaction?" He clicks his tongue in disappointment. "Yet here you are, wet and wanting, like the submissive little slut I know you are. You'll have to do better than that to impress me, Will."

Will struggles at his restraints, hips bucking into nothing. He grins wickedly to himself. "Do I? Because it- *ah, God Hannibal*- it looks like it worked to me."

Hannibal snarls, and before Will can process the loss of fingers Hannibal is fucking deep into him. Will cries out, loud and sharp, and Hannibal doesn't even hesitate before he's moving. The Alpha's hands are wide and unwavering, pulling Will backwards onto his length with every rough thrust.

Will forgets how to breathe for a moment, and when he remembers the air starts hissing through his teeth in frantic, wild gasps. Hannibal is so skilled at sending Will to this head space— turning him into a primal, desperate creature, one with an apex predator at his back. And what a predator Hannibal is. He's lost to it now, snapping his jaws and grunting in animal satisfaction. It's harder than it should be to get Hannibal to this point outside of a Rut, but once he's there it's *devastating.* He fills Will like nothing can, makes him howl with pleasure that just tips into being pain.

"Mine," Hannibal snarls, and Will's eyes roll.

"Y-ours, yours, *Alpha,"* He whines helplessly in response, fully lost to the feeling of being so thoroughly claimed.

His own cock is leaking, neglected and aching with need. His cheek is pressed to the mattress, a small puddle of drool dampening the sheets near his mouth. He's dripping wet with slick where Hannibal pounds into him, the pain of his Alpha's treatment now mainly localized around the bruising grip on his hips. Hannibal's knot is swelling, nudging insistently

at Will's rim again and again. Will is nearly hyperventilating, his bound hands furling and unfurling uselessly at his back.

"Hannibal, t-touch me, please."

Hannibal doesn't stray from his task, his knot nearly forcing itself inside. Will keens, trying to press closer. A large, strong hand wraps around Wills cock. He groans, first in pleasure and then despair.

Hannibal is squeezing the base of his cock. Hard.

"N-no, no. Ha-an, no—"

He's shocked that Hannibal still has the presence of mind to speak, but he leans down, just setting his teeth to Will's shoulder.

"You can come on my knot when you've earned it, brat."

When Hannibal's knot finally locks in place, filling him with thick Alphan cum, Will shrieks. He bucks as much as he can in the other man's hold, breaths rushing so fast he surprised he doesn't black out. Hannibal's grip on his cock is unwavering, painful and effective in keeping Will from coming even as his body responds eagerly to the knot. For an Omega, there's almost no worse torture.

Will feels delirious. His body *knows* what a knotting is supposed to feel like. It's like the endorphins that are meant to be spilling down his spine right now are being held hostage in his skull, manifesting as a disorienting, wild pressure. He's sobbing, screaming, thrashing. He babbles senselessly, begging Hannibal for mercy. He senses movement in his periphery, and when he twists his tear-stained face he sees Nigel in the doorway, watching with dark eyes.

"Nigel..." he whimpers, tugging again at his binds. "H-help me, Ni! Please?"

Nigel's eyes roam over Will's body, then lock onto the feral monster draped over his back.

"Ni?"

He sobs again when Nigel just licks his teeth and stares, palming at the now swollen cock tenting his slacks. "You look so pretty when you cry, baby," Nigel says, and Hannibal growls in warning. Nigel has the audacity to laugh at that, holding up his hands in mock defense and backing out into the hallway. "Relax, Old Man, I'm not askin' you to share."

Eventually, Will settles. His heart stops pounding, his tears dry. Hannibal pets at his sweat-damp curls as his knot eases off, much kinder now that his Omega has been thoroughly marked. When he removes the belt he takes each of Will's wrists in turn, gently massaging them back to life. Will sighs when Hannibal finally pulls out, caught somewhere at the intersection of relief and despair. He's still hard, still fucking *aching,* cum and slick leaking down his thighs. It's oddly beautiful, in the way that Hannibal often makes suffering feel beautiful.

A moment later, Hannibal is back, and Will yelps weakly when the other man shoves the mixture of fluids back into Will's hole with two fingers. He opens his mouth to speak, and the words get forced out of his mind and replaced with a punched-out gasp.

The plug is thick. Not quite as large as Hannibal's knot, but more than enough to make him feel full and stretched. It'll keep every drop of cum inside, until Hannibal decides to remove it. Will's cock jumps, a shiver rolling down his back.

"There we are," Hannibal says at last, delivering a firm pat to Will's hip. "Come along, Will. I wouldn't want us to miss our reservation. You must be famished."

Will blinks, trying to make sense of his surroundings. "O-okay," he mumbles, suddenly feeling dizzy and tired. Some aftercare would've been nice, he thinks bitterly, but the thought is fuzzy at its edges no matter how hard he tries. Still, he can't seem to bring himself to say 'no'.

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To put it as plainly as possible, Will is a *mess.*

He's hard. He's *been* hard since Hannibal first bent him over. He'd made a beeline for their table as soon as they entered the restaurant, begging for the privacy it offered. Not that he's any better off sitting at the table.

The only thing he can focus on is the plug. How big it is, how good it feels, how much better a nice thick knot would feel in its place. Fuck, Hannibal's cock was perfect. He rocks in his chair, trying to subtly grind on the plug. He's so hard. If he could just touch his cock, he'd come in less than a minute, he's sure of it. His fingertips brush his bulge—

What the fuck is *wrong* with him? He can't just touch himself, they're in *public* for Christ's sake. But every thought in his mind is completely centered on how badly he wants to come. How badly he needs a knot. He feels like he could die if he doesn't get one, he's so hot and twitchy and *empty*—

Oh no.

"Are you alright, darling?" Hannibal asks. Oh, Hannibal sounds *good* right now. His cock twitches in his pants. He takes a deep breath, trying hard to center himself. Two scents meet him. In all of this room, just two. Alpha and Not Alpha. There's too much Not Alpha in the restaurant, he decides. He feels a bone-deep urge to erase every ounce of Not Alpha from the world, to bury his face in Hannibal and Nigel and not come back out.

Fuck. Fuck, no. *Now?*

He swallows. His throat is dry. He looks down at his hands and realizes they're trembling. He needs to go home. He needs to ask Hannibal and Nigel to take him home, **now.**

"Pet?" Nigel prods, and Will blinks heavily. It's too soon, isn't it? Fuck, it must've been Hannibal. All his anger and possessiveness clogging the air, and that rough, unsatisfying

knotting, and the fact that his Alpha's cum is still inside of him. He's early. "Baby, you okay?"

Nigel reaches out, his fingertips brushing over Will's knuckles, and Will *whines.* He blushes, hot with arousal and embarrassment in equal measure. He can feel people looking at him, knows that multiple guests have just become aware of a an Omega in Heat in their midst.

It must dawn on all three of them at the same time, because Han and Ni exchange a serious glance across the table. The very next moment Hannibal is helping Will stand. His knees are weak, he falls against Hannibal's chest. He smells like home, and even though he knows he's making a scene Will can't stop himself from sucking in a greedy lungful.

"Alpha..."

Hannibal's reply is a low rumble that buzzes in his chest. Will whines again, desperate for his Alpha to make it all go away. Hannibal pets his hair, shushing him softly.

"Can you make it back to the car?" Hannibal asks, but Will is too sick to answer.

He feels frustrated tears prickling at his eyes. This isn't right. It's too bright in here, and there are too many scents. It's supposed to be just him and his Alphas. The three of them, *alone.* Why aren't they alone?

"People...people are looking at me, Alpha," he complains weakly, and Hannibal makes quick work of guiding him to the bathroom. His hand never leaves the small of Will's back, not until the bathroom door is securely locked behind them.

His head is spinning by the time Hannibal is bending him over the counter, much more gently this time. Hannibal's finger traces the base of the plug, gliding easily through the copious slick dripping around the edge. Will moans wantonly when Hannibal eases the plug out, the gush of slick down his thighs making him feel dirty and desperate at once. Hannibal swallows thickly behind him, taking in a deep breath that makes Will squeeze his thighs together.

"Your Heat should still be another ten days out," Hannibal notes, three of his fingers sliding easily into Will's stretched, sloppy hole. "Poor thing. Don't worry, sweet thing. Your Alpha is here."

Will whines, a few stubborn tears slipping down his nose. Hannibal smoothes a hand up his back.

"You'll be alright, darling. I'll tend to you as soon as we get home—"

"No," Will sobs, leaning further over the counter. It's too much. It's all too much. He's tired of fighting, he wants Hannibal back. "No, Han, I need it *now.* Please, Alpha, I...I need your knot."

Neither of then can resist.

"Oh, come here, love," Hannibal purrs, and Will presses closer as the other man pulls his cock free. It's hard again, coaxed by the heady scent of Heat and the sight of Will so

debauched.

He wastes no time, which is an unspeakable blessing in Will's eyes. The moment Hannibal starts fucking him, Will feels euphoric. Hannibal always fills him well, they both do, but fuck- nothing feels better than Heat Sex. The echoey bathroom is quickly filled with the sounds of it— reverberating the impact of Hannibal's hips on Will's ass, the wet sound of copious slick, both of their grunts and sighs.

"Is this what you needed?" Hannibal asks, though it isn't a question. "To be reminded how I make you feel?"

The other man reaches around to begin stroking his cock, and Will's knees buckle. Hannibal's strength coupled with the counter is enough to keep him from collapsing to the floor, luckily, but not by much. Hannibal covers him, his body warm and familiar along the curve of his spine. The world feels like it's smaller, and Will sighs in relief at the change. It's *right,* after denying himself intimacy with Hannibal for so long. It feels so right.

"Y-yes," Will chokes. "Yes, *yes."*

Hannibal's cock is thick, pressing so well against his prostate that Will feels like he might die from sheer pleasure alone. "Tell me how it feels, Will. Tell me how badly you want my knot."

Will cries out, rocking his hips closer with every thrust. "So good, Han, s-so— oh god, please knot me, Alpha, *please."*

The pheromones ensure that it doesn't take Hannibal long to knot, and the moment it catches Will comes. His eyes flutter closed, a senseless string of moans pouring from his mouth. Spasms of pure pleasure spill from his scalp and down his back, fists clenching, toes curling. Hannibal groans, rutting into him as much as he can with his knot holding him in place, fucking his cum as deep into Will as he can.

Ordinarily, Will would be floating on air right about now. He wants to be— satisfied and full with his Alpha heavy at his back. Instead he feels more distressed than anything. The fog of his earlier desperation had been more of a sensory comfort than he realized. He's still clothed, his trousers around his knees and now splattered with cum. He's bent awkwardly over the bathroom counter, dripping sweat in his new suit. Worst of all there are *people* just outside that door. People who saw him, heard him, *smelled* him. He whines, high and helpless, wordlessly begging for his Alpha’s protection.

Hannibal's hand is immediately settled over the back of his neck, gently rubbing his scent glands. "It's alright, mylimasis," he breathes, still panting from the sensations around his trapped cock. "Just...just relax."

"Wanna go home," Will slurs. He feels uncomfortable. Far from his body, but not in the safe, warm way that Nigel and Hannibal usually cultivate during his Heats. He feels lost.

Hannibal's thumb smoothes over Will's sweaty nape. "Of course, darling. Just be patient for a few minutes, and then we'll take you home."

The part of Will's mind that is already taking a nosedive into Omegaspace wants to complain about waiting, but he bites his tongue. After all, they can't exactly *go* anywhere until Hannibal's knot goes down. And either way, he's had enough of playing the brat for a while.

After a handful of quiet seconds, Will hears buzzing. Hannibal's phone, he reckons. Hannibal answers despite being buried in several inches of Omega, which narrows down the list of people it could be to one.

Hannibal doesn't even spare a greeting. "Pull the car around."

The bathroom is so silent that Will picks up Nigel's voice with ease. He chuckles through the phone, and Will sighs happily at his presence. "Already out front. Half the fucking restaurant could hear you two, you know."

Hannibal forces a laugh, but Will can sense how irritated he is by the idea of Will being so exposed. It makes him feel warm. Defended. "Well, in that case I believe we're due their thanks for the entertainment," he quips. It comes out strained. It's still nice that he's trying to stay calm for Will's benefit. He knows it isn't easy for Hannibal, being in embarrassing situations.

Nigel is quiet for just a beat. "...Is he okay?" he asks, genuine concern coloring the edges of his voice.

Hannibal runs his fingers through Will's hair. "He'll be alright once he's safely at home, I believe."

"Let me talk to him."

Hannibal laughs. A real one, this time. "You're just outside, brangusis. You can talk to him when we leave."

"Come on."

Hannibal sighs indulgently, and the next moment Hannibal's cell phone is being pressed to his cheek.

"Ni?" Will mumbles.

Will can hear the smile on Nigel's face. "Hey, pet," he coos. "How you holding up?"

As Nigel speaks, Hannibal leans down to mouth at the back of Will's neck. It makes him whimper softly.

"You're okay," Nigel soothes. "Just relax and let us take care of everything, yeah? Gonna take you home and spoil you fucking rotten."

Will can feel himself slipping further into Omegaspace. Hannibal is a warm, grounding weight, large and sure where he's draped over his back. Nigel keeps talking, promising him all the things that appeal to a Heat-addled mind. A soft nest, and fresh fruit, and constant

attention— the list floats around in his skull so deliciously that before long he's purring loudly.

A breathy chuckle rumbles in his ear. Han, maybe, or Ni. Or both. Someone says "That's it. That's my boy," and the next moment Will is slumping forward, his vision blurring until it fades to black.

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Will wakes up moaning. The first sensation he feels is a wet heat passing over his slick hole. He shivers, propping himself up on weak elbows. Hannibal is between his thighs, lapping at his entrance. A low hum escapes the other man, his tongue probing deeper. Will gasps. He's sensitive, jolting at every touch. It's at that moment that he notices the drying cum across his bare stomach. Hannibal's been hard at work, then.

"H-an..."

Hannibal pulls away, smiling at him like he hasn't just spent god-knows-how-long eating Will out as he slept. "Back with us, are you?"

Will blinks heavily. He's in their bed. Thank God. He loves this bed. It's huge. Will feels tiny in it, especially when it's shared with his Alphas. There's a fan on in the corner, trying valiantly to cool his sweating skin. It's marginally successful. Will is still unbearably hot but the air feels nice on his face. There's a pitcher of iced water and a bowl of fruit beside the bed. He rolls in bed to reach for the water. His muscles are sore. He's weak, groggy. Safe. He feels incredibly safe.

Hannibal crawls up the bed, taking a seat beside Will and watching as he brings a glass of cool water to his lips, eyes trained on Will's throat working when he swallows. He hums when Hannibal tucks a curl behind his ear.

"How are you feeling, mylimasis?"

Will cracks a tired smile. "I'm okay. Hungry. Sore. But I'm okay."

That's all it takes. Hannibal kisses Will's cheek, then leans across the bed to pluck a ripe-looking orange from the bowl. He sets Will's water aside, and gathers him into his lap without another word. Will goes gladly, melting against his Alpha's strong, furry chest.

"Where's Ni?" He mumbles.

"Downstairs. Setting our professional affairs in order, given your sudden circumstances."

Will wrinkles his nose. "Sounds like the sort of thing he'd usually leave in your hands."

Hannibal chuckles. "Ordinarily, yes. It's the strangest thing, though— when I mentioned that I feared I'd need to be especially firm with Jack Crawford, Nigel suddenly insisted I let him handle it."

As if on cue, Nigel's voice floats up to meet them. He's half-snarling, composure fully abandoned. "No, you listen to *me,* mother fucker. He's not moving a fucking *finger* for the next ten days and that's fucking final—"

Will sighs in fond exasperation, pinching the bridge of his nose. Both men are laughing, though.

"You'd think Jack would learn to avoid poking the proverbial bear, after what happened last time," Hannibal muses.

"I don't know. It is pretty fun to poke you two."

Hannibal hums. "And how do you like being poked back, love?" he asks, kissing Will just below his ear.

Will lets loose a breathy laugh. "It's the best part, naturally."

The scent of vibrant citrus hits the air the moment Hannibal's thumb breaks the skin. Will watches him peel the orange with both hands, one arm woven around Will's waist protectively.

"I missed you," Will confesses softly.

Hannibal turns his head to kiss Will's temple. "I missed you too, darling."

"…I'm sorry. For being bitchy, I mean. I know I took it too far."

Hannibal splits the orange in half, then one of the halves into quarters. He sets the smaller sections aside, and removes a single slice from the largest section. Will parts his lips when Hannibal lifts the slice. "I forgive you," The other man says. “I’m not without fault in this, at any rate. I’m sorry, Will. For my behavior that night, and for being so stubborn afterwards."

The orange is sweet, and sour, and juicy. Will chews it slowly, his legs splayed over Hannibal's. Hannibal has always insisted upon treating Will's Heats this way. Like a celebration of pleasure. It's certainly a step up from what Will was used to— trading Gatorade and knotting dildos for lemon water and actual companionship. He wonders idly if his ancestors would be impressed with him. He'd landed not one, but two Alphas despite his admittedly abrasive disposition. Two Alphas who delight in in feeding Will like he's a Roman Emperor and scarcely letting him leave the bed when his Heats come.

“You are mine, after all,” Hannibal elaborates as Will eats. He noses at Will’s neck for emphasis, and Will sighs happily. “As your Alpha, it’s my responsibility to make you feel adored, no?”

"I know you adore me, Hannibal," he says once he swallows, already opening his mouth for another slice. Hannibal obliges, the tips of his fingers grazing over the swell of Will's lip. Before he takes the orange between his teeth, he says “I forgive you, too.”

His eyes are closed, but he feels the mattress dip with fresh weight. Nigel chuckles, crawling close to press his lips to Will's neck.

"I take it you two finally kissed and made up, then?"

Will just turns his head, finding Nigel's lips and kissing him lazily. Nigel smiles into it. "Glad to see you're in a better mood, pet," he teases, pressing another kiss to the corner of Will's mouth before reaching for an orange slice.

"I've already set some aside for you, brangusis," Hannibal says, nodding in the direction of the nightstand. Nigel grins, taking a quarter of the orange from its place. The other quarter is for Hannibal, Will assumes. For later. It's something Will loves about him, how hellbent he is on making sure all three of them are provided for.

Nigel settles beside Will, scenting his neck as he curls close. "I'll miss being the favorite, though," he mutters, and Will rolls his eyes.

"I don't pick favorites, you know that."

Nigel just hums, like he doesn't believe it.

Will sits up, snatching the piece of orange from Nigel's hand. He brings a slice to Nigel's mouth, the other man's lips curving into a satisfied smirk as he takes the offered fruit.

Nigel lets out a low 'oof' when Will re-positions himself, stretched over both of them so that his head is in Nigel's lap and his legs are draped over Hannibal's thighs.

"Happy now?" he challenges, pleased as a kitten.

Hannibal and Nigel barely need to exchange a glance before both of their hands are moving — Nigel's caressing down Will's chest and Hannibal's ghosting up his thighs.

"I'm getting there," Nigel purrs, and Will spreads his legs invitingly.

He lies back, lax and pliant, and surrenders as he lets his Alphas take care of him. Petty fights and cruel games are abandoned, for the time being, and in their place the three of them prepare to spend the next few days indulging in one another.

None of them have every been very good at denying themselves that luxury.

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